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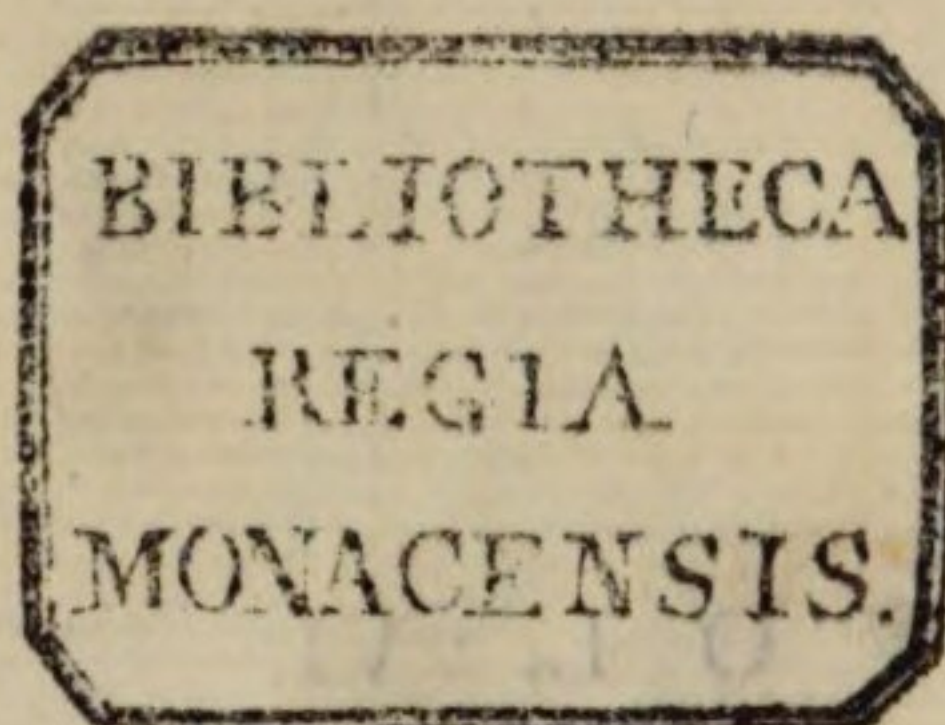
THE
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. VI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



H U D I B R A S,

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the TIME of the LATE WARS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH

A N N O T A T I O N S.

V O L. II.

E D I N B U R G H:

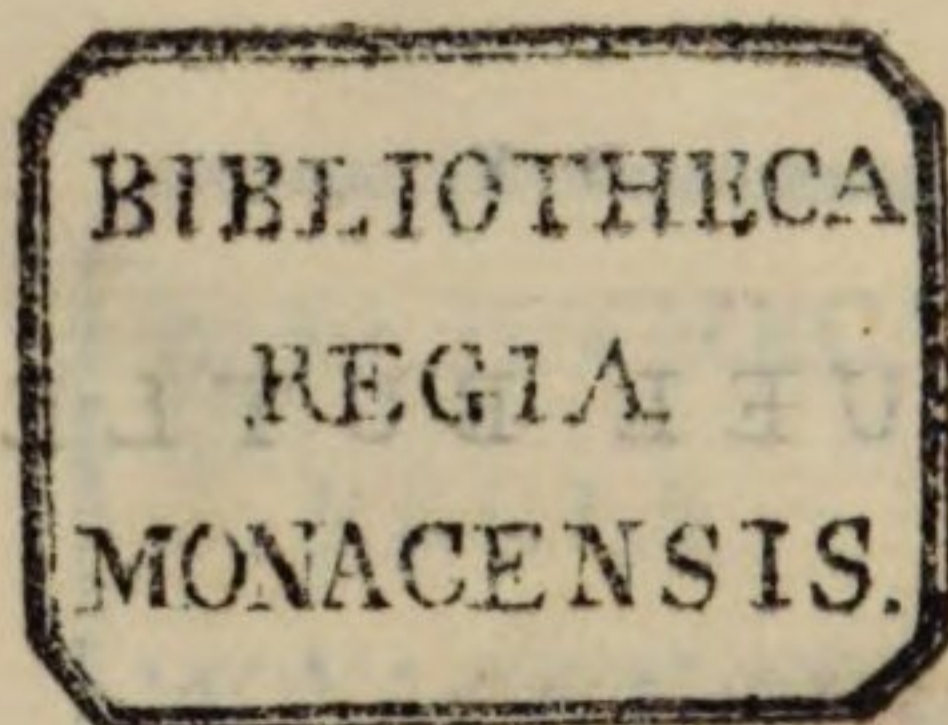
Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CRECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

H U D I B R A S

I N T H R E E P A R T S

Written in the Time of the Late Wars



W I T H

A N I O T A T I O N

V O L I I

E D I T I O N

Printed for A. R. L. and W. C. Green

and J. B. L. Green

M. DCC. LXXXI

P A R T III.

C A N T O I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce ;
They both approach the lady's bower,
The squire t' inform, the knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies, and hobgoblins made :
From which the squire conveys the knight,
And steals him, from himself, by night.

TIS true, no lover has that pow'r
T'enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two string's to's bow,
And burns for love and money too ;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble ;
While those who fillily pursue
The simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream, their passions :

Some forge their mistresses of stars;
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won,
 Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing;
 When only by themselves they're hind'ed,
 For trusting those they made her kindred;
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted,
 In purling streams or hemp departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
 This to the knight would be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use;
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
 As follows in due time and place.

15 *And more, &c.*] Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the statues of Castor and Pollux to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the moon.

No sooner was the bloody fight,
 Between the wizard and the knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t'a lover :
 As he was always wont to do
 When h'had discomfited a foe ;
 And us'd the only antique philtres,
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
 But now triumphant and victorious,
 He held th' atchievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle ;
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice ;
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
 Where none escape, but such as braided
 With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed ;
 And if they cannot read one verse
 I' th' psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He therefore judging it below him,
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,

43 *And us'd, &c.*] Philtres were love potions, reported to be much in quest in former ages ; but our true knight-errant hero made use of no other but what his noble atchievements by his sword produced.

52 *To th' ordeal, &c.*] Ordeal trials were, when supposed criminals, to discover their innocence, went over several red hot coulter-irons. These were generally such whose chastity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, &c.

Resolv'd to leave the squire for bail
 And mainprize for him, to the jail,
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall;
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the lady a rencounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition,
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician:
 Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away;
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight;
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief h' had done the deed.
 Which he resolv'd t'enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear;
 But rather than produce his back,
 To set his conscience on the rack;
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
 And all things else upon his part,
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
 Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies hearts in fights;
 And cut whole giants into fritters,
 To put them into am'rous twitters;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their gallants were half kill'd:
 But when their bones were drubb'd so fore
 They durst not wooe one combat more,

The ladies hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls and ladies fancies;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Mean while the squire was on his way,
 The knight's late orders to obey :
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 T'attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber;
 When he who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and juggumbobs,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd :
 And when they should, at goal-delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough,
 To render neither halter-proof :

93. *So Spanish heroes, &c.*] The young Spaniards
 signalized their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull-
 feasts, which often prov'd very hazardous, and some-
 times fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a
 wild bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the com-
 batant; and he that kills most, carries the laurel,
 and dwells highest in the ladies favour.

He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be accessary ;
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the knight, his betters.
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offer'd him that day,
 To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding dispensation.
 And therefore much about the hour
 The knight (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury ;
 The squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim ;
 T' acquaint the lady what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on ;
 What project 'twas he went about,
 When Sidrophel and he fell out :
 His firm and stedfast resolution,
 To swear her to an execution ;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party saints to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,

137 *To pawn, &c.*] His *exterior ears* were gone before, and so out of danger ; but by *inward ears* is here meant his conscience.

To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other cousin-german saint.
 But ere the knight could do his part,
 The squire had got so much the start,
 H'had to the lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The knight alighted in the court ;
 And having ty'd his beast t'a pale,
 And taken time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer, to accost and board her :
 And now began t'approach the door,
 When she, wh'had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the knight :
 With whom encount'ring, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees,
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He strok'd his beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie :
 And now am come, to bring your ear
 A present you'll be glad to hear ;
 At least I hope so. The thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun ;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle hand ;
 And that you'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions, less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
And, for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted scone;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour,
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess,
You're honefter than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath:
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't;
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture;

Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here.
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't.
For most men carry things so even
Between this world, and hell, and heav'n,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in altogether;
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles.

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,
They may b' accountable in all.
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience ev'ry where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn, and mortgage past:
For oaths are th' only tests and seals
Of right and wrong, and true and false:
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till they're understood, all tales
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded t'other day,
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont,) for your fair eyes:
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do't upon the place.
 But as the castle is enchanted
 By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my squire and me for two;
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray,
 I heard a formidable noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
 Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
 But spar'd thy renegado back,
 When th' hadst so great a prize at stake:
 Which now the fates have order'd me
 For penance and revenge to slay,
 Unless thou presently make haste.
 Time is, time was: And there it ceas'd.
 With which, though startled, I confess,
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less

252 *Loud as, &c.*] A speaking trumpet, by which
 the voice may be heard at a very great distance, very
 useful at sea.

Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention :
 And therefore snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load ;
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good ;
 'Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing :
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout,
 I found th' infernal cunning man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatched my weapon up,
 And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel :
 Who, now transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud, and tear ;
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run ;
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,

276 *As if th' had, &c.]* This alludes to some abject
 lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lash-
 es by their mistresses.

Div'd under water in a pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I fought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forcerer t' engage.
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood and vile;
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
 With which I furiously laid on;
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich:
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
 All feats of witches counterfeit,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glafs,
 And make it for enchantment pass;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper;
 Make lechers and their punks with dewtry
 Commit fantastical advowtry;
 Bewitch Hermetic men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon;

323 *Bewitch Hermetic men, &c.] Hermes Trismegistus,*

Believe mechanic virtuosi
 Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;
 And, sillier than the antique fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack of universal cures;
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass:
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece:
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches
 Incline perpetually to witches;
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears:
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
 Which others for cravats have worn

an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived *anno mundi* 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of enthusiasts, who make a hodgepodge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of ev'ry considering person's contempt.

326 *Potosi*] Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they slash and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him
About the witch with many a question.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking trade in love;
Employ'd in all th'intrigues and trust
Of feeble, speculative lust;
Procurer to th'extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forfok,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit
For any mystical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.
For one predicting pimp has th'odds
Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the devil's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get;
For those that do his bus'ness best,

In hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 Before so meriting a person
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
 I'th' mystery of a lady-monger.
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 As soon as from the body loos'd,
 Becomes a puny imp itself,
 And is another's witch's elf.
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h'has play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats:
 Transform'd himself to th'ugly shapes
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes;
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or Pharaoh's wizards could their switches,
 And all with whom h'has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
 Witness myself, whom h'has abus'd,
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and pease,
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for diserts,
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside-----But as h'was running on,
 To tell what other feats he had done,
 The lady stopt his full career,

And told him now 'twas time to hear.

If half those things, said she, be true,-----
 They're all, quoth he, I swear by you;
 Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th'pit of hell;
 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour, I'm sure, at most;
 Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know
 If you should carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps,
 T'engage the devil on your side
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and huffing,
 And drew upon him like a ruffian,
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h'had time to mount his guard;
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound:
 Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
 And stole his Talismanique louse,
 And all his new-found old inventions;
 With flat felonious intentions:
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought them for, and paid;
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,

H'had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th'ablest artist of the trade;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And altogether might amount
 To many hundreds on account:
 For which h'had got sufficient warrant
 To seize the malefactors errant,
 Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
 To serve for pendulums to watches,
 Which modern virtuosos say,
 Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Yourselfs and me, you fled this way;
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd he had intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since;
 And found, that e'er you cam 'to him,
 Y' had been engaging life and limb,
 About a case of tender conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own sense;
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
 Had cleared all scruples in the case;
 And prov'd that you might swear and own

Whatever's by the wicked done,
 For which, most basely to requite
 The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the lady talk'd, the knight
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white,
 (As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do:
 Held up his affidavit-hand,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke.

Madam, if but one word be true
 Of all the wizard has told you,
 Or but one single circumstance
 In all th' apocryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
 This vessel, that is all your own;
 Or may the heav'ns fall, and cover
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,
 (I thank you,) for yourself and me;
 And shewn your presbyterian wits
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits,
 A most compendious way and civil,

At once to cheat the world, the devil,
 And heav'n and hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then, quoth he, may hell surprise----
 That trick, said she, will not pass twice:
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
 But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove, than downright swearing:
 For if you have perform'd the feat,
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action.
 And if you can produce those knobs,
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your nat'ral self had done't.
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women;
 Who us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, youth he, your love's a million,
 To do is less than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my power
 T' obey, what you command, and more.
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care
 To keep my wounds from taking air:
 For wounds in those that are all heart,
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattles
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles :
 For still the longer we contend,
 We are but farther off the end.
 But granting now we should agree,
 What is it you expect from me ?
 Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word
 You pass'd in heav'n on record,
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
 Are everlastingly inroll'd.
 And if 'tis counted treason here
 To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
 Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n ;
 And that's the reason, as some guess,
 There is no heav'n in marriages ;
 Two things that naturally press
 Too narrowly, to be at ease.
 Their business there is only love,
 Which marriage is not like t' improve.
 Love, that's too generous to abide
 To be against its nature ty'd :
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd :
 And like the soul, its harbourer,
 Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
 Disdains against its will to stay,
 But struggles out, and flies away :
 And therefore never can comply
 T' endure the matrimonial tie,
 That binds the female and the male,
 Where th' one is but the other's bail

Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept ;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd :
A bargain at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade ;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But something past away, and sold ?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low :
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse.
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e're was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven ?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their childrens tenants ere they're born ?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot ;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation :

For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island with four seas :
 Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
 In ready insolence and pow'r :
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;
 While all he does upon the by,
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.
 Such hideous fots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent ;
 To give the cheats, the eldest hand
 In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckl'd.
 A law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles, to Joans of Nokes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality ;
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration,
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse
 Of judgment past, for better or worse ;
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges,

603 *More wretched, &c.*] Villainage was an antient
 [tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform
 the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
 Their spiritual judges of divorces;
 While nothing else, but *rem in re*
 Can set the proudest wretches free;
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring:
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
 So men are by themselves employ'd,
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.
 As some whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art,
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed
 In flaming curtains to the dead;
 And men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set,
 And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
 For as the Pythagorean soul

639 *Like Indian widows, &c.*] The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile, where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean, &c.*] It was the opinion

Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one ;
So love does, and has ever done.
And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,
'Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the furnace of desire,
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover.
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by miss, or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery ;
And off the loud oaths go, but while
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance :
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
'Trust none again, till th'have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to fize themselves and them.

of Pythagoras and his followers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the divers species of animals, and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

Whence witti'st ladies always chuse
 To undertake the heaviest goose.
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t'amours,
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse :
 A mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable.
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body two unite,
 To make up one hermaphrodite :
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
 Th' have more punctilio's and capriches
 Between the petticoat and breeches,
 More petulant extravagancies,
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames :
 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
 And all their caterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous picques ;
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd,
 By th' yellow mantua's of the bride :
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches prove :
 But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.

For though Chineses go to bed,
 And lie in, in their ladies stead,
 And for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap;
 Both lay the child to one another:
 But who's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both before engag'd to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship, only when they're found,
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares:
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art.
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At women by appearances;
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions;
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces;
 Wear, under vizor-masks, their talents
 And mother-wits, before their gallants;

707 *For though Chineses, &c.]* The Chinese men of
 quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nur-
 sed and tended with as much care as women here, and
 are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing
 diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose :
 When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready, with the bride,
 That with her wedding-cloaths undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilesses :
 Tries all her arts, to take upon her
 The government from th' easy owner :
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding,
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard, that tears
 Down all protcullices of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,
 Like Sirens with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made

751 *Transform 'em into rams, &c.*] The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish. Their names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily; where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transformed them into some sort of brute animals.

By th' husband mandrake and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
Of wanton, over-heated brains,
Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruited sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd up paps appears.
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise,

755 *By the husband mandrake, &c.]* Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

That dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other ladies tawny;
 Those ravishing and charming graces,
 Are all made up of two half-faces,
 That in a mathematic line,
 Like those in other heavens, join.
 Of which, if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much to look upon.
 And so would that sweet bud your lip,
 Without the other's fellowship.
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,
 To wait upon the soul design'd;
 But those that serve the body alone,
 Are single, and confin'd to one.
 The world is but two parts, that meet;
 And close at th' equinoctial fit;
 And so are all the works of nature
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter:
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses,
 In all the wonders she produces.
 And those that take their rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

797 *The world is but two parts, &c.] The equinoctial divides the globe into north and south.*

For what secures the civil life
 But pawns of children, and a wife?
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry.
 So universal, all mankind
 In nothing else is of one mind.
 For in what stupid age, or nation,
 Was ever marriage out of fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns;
 Or stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously wou'd have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.
 Though men would find such mortal feuds
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives;
 Until they graze, and wear their cloaths,
 As beasts do, of their native growths:

819 *Unless among the Amazons, &c.*] The Amazons
 were women of Scythia, of heroic and great atchieve-
 ments. They suffered no man to live among them,
 but once every year used to have conversation with
 men of the neighbouring countries; by which, if they
 had a male child they presently either killed or
 crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to
 the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the
 other to suckle girls.

For simple wearing of their horns,
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t'inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents,
 But for our parents settlements;
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 What honours, or estates of peers
 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs;
 And what security maintains
 Their right and title, but the banes?
 What crowns could be hereditary,
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,
 And with their comforts consummate
 Their weightiest interests of state?
 For all th' amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war.
 Or what but marriage has a charm,
 The rage of empires to disarm?
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage?
 Nor does the genial bed provide
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T'as much as due benevolence;
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,
 And feme-coverts to all mankind.

All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes;
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth;
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield;
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door.
 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse;
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful nature.
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of:
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly,

865 *The nymphs of chaste Diana's, &c.*] Diana's nymphs, all of them vow'd perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866 *Lewkner's lane.*] Some years ago, swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

877 *The reason is, &c.*] Demanding the clergy of her belly, which, for the reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

And make it save her the same way,
 It seldom misses to betray :
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the liturgy indenture.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best ;
 That is no more than every lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer ;
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace
 Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before, and win the post ;
 Yet when they're at their race's ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends,
 And to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease :
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of love :
 When those wh'are always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest clamours more,
 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour :
 Like music, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood.
 In all amours a lover burns,
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns :
 And hearts have been as oft with fullen,
 As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.

Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour?
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;
 Too slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual;
 An act and deed, that makes one heart
 Become another's counter-part,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Inroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose.
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has;
 And, like an anchorite, gives over
 This world, for th' heaven of a lover?

I grant, quoth she, there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true:
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers;
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events,
 Than gamesters, when they play a set
 With greatest cunning at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.

For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd,
 But strive to plunder and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves?
 And if they use their persons so,
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And, *all my wordly goods*---but spoke;
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam, that's superseded.
 To that their faith is still made good,
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd.
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 W'have nothing left we can call ours;
 Our money's now become the miss
 Of all your lives and services,
 And we forsaken, and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y'at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
 (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heirefs yet,
 By being born to lordships, get?
 When the more lady she's of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,

Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines ;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the devil does witches ;
 Who takes it for a special grace,
 To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals :
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself, and all sh'inherits ;
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ;
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
 To portions and inheritances ;
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ;
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too for the mother's sake.
 For these you play at purposes,
 And love your loves with A's and B's ;
 For these at *Beste* and *L'Ombre* woo,
 And play for love and money too ;
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At right gallanting of a fan ;
 And who the most genteelly bred
 At sucking of a vizard-bead ;

How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new garters;
 And solidly to discourse upon
 All sorts of drestes *pro* and *con*.
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made.
 And when you have more debts to pay,
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
 And no way possible to do't
 But love, and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd, past amours:
 Act o'er your flames and darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;
 Which other influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid.
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages inchant!
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from execution save!
 What charms, that can reverse extent,
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from *scire facias*!
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge!
 These are the highest excellencies
 Of all your true or false pretences.
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear,
 As much t' an hostess-dowager,

Grown fat and purfy by retail
Of pots of beer, and bottled ale ;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your desire,
And, like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the wizard, come to search,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as askes, or a clout ;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a passage through his side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em ;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But she who saw in what a taking
The knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right

Of hospitality t' a stranger,
But to secure you out of danger,
Will here myself stand centinel,
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.
Women, you know, do seldom fail,
To make the stoutest men turn tail;
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the knight grew resolute
As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to fally.
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door;
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:

1036 *As Ironside, or Hardiknute, &c.*] Two famous
and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon,
the other a Dane.

Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly march'd away ;
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Though in the dark and all alone ;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs,
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
 Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard, and face :
 This he courageously invaded ;
 And having enter'd, barricado'd ;
 Inconc'd himself as formidable
 As could be underneath a table ;
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 T' expect the arrival of his foes.
 Few minutes he had lain perdue,
 To guard his desp'rate avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout ;
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd ;
 And after ent'ring, Sidrophel
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
 He therefore sent out all his senses,
 To bring him in intelligences ;
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
 Mistake, for falling in a trance ;
 But those that trade in geomancy,
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy :

1131 *But those that trade in geomancy, &c.] The Lap-
 land Magi. The Laplanders are an idolatrous people,
 far north ; and it is very credibly reported, by authors*

In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortrefs.
 And as another of the same
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers
 Was dragg'd through a window by th' ears;
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking quarter :
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came int' his aid.
 For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' ears and nose,
 Or laying on of heavy blows ;
 And if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.

and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible, by what is vulgarly called magic.

1158 *To burning with, &c.*] An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

No sooner was he come t' himself,
 But on his neck a sturdy elf
 Clapt in a trice his cloven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof.

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B'our friend, thy evil genius,
 Who for thy horrid perjuries,
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The brethrens privilege (against
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
 For just revenge and punishment ;
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open free confession ;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray
 And filch the lady's heart away ?
 To spirit her to matrimony ?-----
 That which contracts all matches, money.
 It was th' enchantment of her riches,
 That made m'apply t'your croney witches ;
 That in return wou'd pay th' expence,
 The wear-and-tear of conscience :
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then ? speak true.-----
 No more, quoth he, than I love you.
 How would'st th' have us'd her and her money ?----
 First turn'd her up to alimony ;
 And laid her dow'ry out in law,
 To null her jointure with a flaw,

Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private love.

What made thee pick and chuse her out
T' employ their forceries about?---
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?-----

I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,
Of bears and witches in disguise?----

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b'a very few.
Beside the danger of offence;
The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?----

Because it is the thriving'st calling,
 The only faints-bell that rings all in;
 In which all churches are concern'd,
 And is the easiest to be learn'd:
 For no degrees, unless th'employ't,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble,
 But by the laws impow'r'd to rout,
 And awe the greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near;
 For no sin else among the faints
 Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?-----
 That which makes others break a house,
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before
 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks,
 Than all our doting politics,
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your new reformation:
 That we must come to school to you,
 To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
 If y'were but at a meeting-house.

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
 Because w'have let 'em out by th'year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in:

That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th'angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?-----A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?-----Great gains.

What's tender conscience?-----'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
Than th'epidemical'st plague-fore.

What makes y'incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?-----To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?-----A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?-----Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?-----
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?-----Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?-----Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution?-----
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?-----
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?-----Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?-----

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin :

And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse :
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense ;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed ;
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
I'th' natural and genuine sense ?

'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity :

And Christian liberty reduce
To th'elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

It is enough, quoth he, for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones ;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Though he gives name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these,
That pass i'th'world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight ;

And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed, and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor :
And though he shut his eyes as fast,
As if h'had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark ;
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words, *Unhappy wretch*,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch ;
Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
By faunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur,

1321 *The Queen of Night, &c.*] The moon influences
the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies ;
and persons distempered in mind are called lunatics.

1344 *And growing to thy horse, &c.*] The Centaurs
were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first

'To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat:
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind,
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The knight, who heard the words explain'd,
 As meant to him this reprimand,
 Because the character did hit
 Point-blank upon his case so fit;
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright
 That staid upon the guard that night,
 And one of those h' had seen and felt
 The drubs he had so freely dealt,
 When, after a short pause and groan,
 The doleful spirit thus went on:

'This 'tis t'engage with dogs and bears
 Pell-mell together by the ears,
 And after painful bangs and knocks,
 To lie in limbo in the stocks,
 And from the pinnacle of glory
 Fall headlong into purgatory:

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
 That on my late disasters rallies)
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more heroic minded;

managers of horses; and the neighbouring inhabitants,
 never having seen any such thing before, fabulously
 reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

And at a riding handled worse,
 With treats more slovenly and coarse :
 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
 And hot disputes with conjurers ;
 And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me too from myself,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done)----
 And now but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;
 And he knows nothing of the saints,
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.
 This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the second hand ;
 And now would pass for spirit Po,
 And all mens dark concerns foreknow,
 I think I need not fear him for't ;
 These rallying devils do no hurt.

With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
 And hastily cry'd out, What art ?----
 A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the knight,
 Thus far I'm sure th'art in the right ;

And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some poultry, black-guard spright,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes :
 Without the raising of which sum,
 You dare not be so troublesome,
 To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their work to do.
 This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,
 And your diversion, dull dry bobbing,
 T'entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash them clean in ditches for't.
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the voice, y'are no such sopher,
 As you would have the world judge of ye.
 If you design to weigh our talents,
 I'th'standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you :
 We who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting,

1423 *Sir, quoth the voice, &c.] Sophi is at present the name of the kings of Persia; not superadded, as Pharaoh was to the kings of Egypt; but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of Sophi.*

And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t'ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th'idleſt pug of all your crew.
For none could have betray'd us worſe
'Than thoſe allies of ours and yours.

But I have ſent him for a token
To your low-country hogen-mogen,
To whoſe infernal ſhores I hope
He'll ſwing like ſkippers in a rope,
And if y'have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,

What th'ill-affected ſay of you,
Y'have ſpous'd the covenant and cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the covenant ;
But that no more concerns the cauſe,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't.
And that's the reaſon cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

1454. *Wear wooden peccadillo's, &c.*] Peccadillos were ſtiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the ſhoulders, to pin the band, worn by perſons nice in dreſſing ; but his wooden one is a pillory.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
 These scandals of the saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sect's,
 Those spider-saints that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true
 And properly be said of you ;
 Whose talents may compare with either,
 Or both the other put together.
 For all the Independents do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
 You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down,
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The gospel-work you undertake ;
 As if artillery, and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls.
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
 By force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design,
 T'entice, and tempt, and undermine :
 In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,

1483 Hence 'tis possessions, &c.] Criminals in their
 indictments are charged with *not having the fear of God*

Which all the horrid'st actions done,
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against his interest;
 Surprises none but those wh' have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition,
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
 The tools of working out salvation
 By mere mechanic operation;
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues.
 But those wh'are utterly unarm'd
 T'oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Although his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons, where you clap up souls:
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
 T'your mittimus anathemas,

*before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the
 devil.*

And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice
 Than all your covenanting trustees;
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice:
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
 State prudence, to cajole the devil;
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h'has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours:
 That as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or frighted with our oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a story;

1521 *When to a legal utlegation, &c.]* When they return the excommunication into the chancery, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1524 *Distrain on soul, &c.]* Excommunication, which deprives men from being members of the visible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murther.
For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
We've only made that title good ;
And if it were but in their pow'r,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all these good kind offices,
I'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone :
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,
To find th' enchanted hero out,
And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
But fear, that soonest cures those fores,
In danger of relapse to worse,
Came in t' assist him with its aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge :
 The spirit hors'd him like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle, his back ;
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall.
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
 Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;
 And cautiously began to scout,
 To find their fellow-cattle out.
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
 But ne'er a fiddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the fiddle-bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night to steal away ;
 But in a trice advanc'd the knight
 Upon the bare-ridge bolt upright.
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the fiddle too was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;
 And turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast,

And spurr'd as jockies use, to break,
 Or padders to secure a neck.
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their churches turn our rhyme;
 To hold forth their declining state,
 Which now come near an even rate.

C A N T O H.

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests,
About their carnal interests ;
To share their sacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of grace ;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm :
Till, in the effigie of Rumps, the rabble
Burns all their grandees of the cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,
That falls, before a storm, on cows,
And stings the founders of his house ;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout

1 *The learned write, &c.] An insect breeze.* Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which, some are of opinion, are generated from viscous exhalations in the air ; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

Of petulant capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts,
 That first ran all religion down,
 And after ev'ry swarm its own.
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 Who were incapable t'enjoy
 That empire any other way :
 So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the good old cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same.
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard.
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
 But only by the ears engag'd :
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none ;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly appears.

13 *For as the Persian, &c.*] The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observation of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom amongst them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wise men that came out of the east to worship our Saviour were some of these.

Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
 The cause and covenant to lessen,
 And providence to b'out of season:
 For now there was no more to purchase
 O' th' king's revenue, and the church's;
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the brethren on.
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws,
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd;
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.
 For Presbyter and Independent
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;
 Laid out their apostolic functions,
 On carnal orders and injunctions;
 And all their precious gifts and graces,
 On outlawries and *scire facias*;
 At Michael's term had many a trial,
 Worse than the dragon and St Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss.
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,
 They came to share their dividends,
 And ev'ry part'ner to possess
 His state and church joint-purchases,

51 *At Michael's term, &c.*] St. Michael, an arch-
 angel, mentioned in St. Jude's epistle, v. 9.

In which the ablest saint, and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,
 To pay their money ; and, instead
 Of every brother, pass the deed ;
 He strait converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds, and holy shifts ;
 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his outward man and's heirs :
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of providence ;
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attaints
 Degraded from the right of saints.
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
 With law and conscience to fall on ;
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanwick :
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old ;
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all un sanctify'd trustees :
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow ;

77 *And laid about, &c.*] William Prynne of Lincoln's Inn, Esq ; born at Swanwick, who styled himself *Utter Barrister*, a very warm person and voluminous writer, and after the restoration keeper of the records in the tower.

Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of church and state,
Reform'd t' a reformado saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up, teach down,
And make those uses serve again
Against the new-enlighten'd men;
At fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
'The good old cause, which some believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of reformation,
A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,
That served for horse and foot at once:
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid;

Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)
 No sooner got the start to lurch
 Both disciplines, of war and church,
 And providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of 'em down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far,
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,
 T' unite their factions with alarms,
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves at home,
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
 Subdu'd the nation, church, and state,
 And all things but their laws and hate.
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 Religion and the government,
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd,
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
 As Dutch boors are t'a footerkin,

146 *As Dutch boors, &c.*] It is reported of the

Both parties join'd to do their best,
 To damn the public interest;
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts;
 T'out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
 At all their dialects of jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 For as two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public bus'ness is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the right they had paid down
 So dearly for, the church and crown,)
 Th' united constanter, and sided,
 The more, the more their foes divided.
 For though outnumber'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down;

Dutch women, that making so great use of stoves,
 and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster, which is called a *footer-kin*.

151 *T'out cant the Babylonian, &c.*] At the building of the tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game;
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these brethren in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day;
 They rally'd in parades of woods,
 And unfrequented solitudes;
 Conveen'd at midnight in outhouses,
 T'appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
 And with a pertinacy unmatched,
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.
 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started,
 And, as if nature too, in haste
 To furnish out supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turn'd destruction
 T'a new and numerous production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith, increas'd
 'The more, the more they were suppress'd:
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experimenets,
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,

Nor death (with all his bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws :
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
 Can ever settle on the nation ;
 Until, in spight of force and treason,
 They put their loy'lty in possession;
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
 Did Oliver give up his reign ;
 And was believ'd, as well by saints,
 As mortal men and miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian ferry ;
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
 Who in a false erroneous dream
 Mistook the new Jerusalem
 Profanely for th' apocryphal
 False heaven at the end o' th' hall ;

215 *Toss'd in a furious hurricane, &c.*] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224 *False heaven, &c.*] After the restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the far-

Whither it was decreed by fate
His precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B'as orthodox a senator :
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.

Next him his son and heir-apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;

ther end of Westminster-hall; near which place there
is an house of entertainment, which is commonly
known by the name of *Heaven*.

227 *So Romulus, &c.*] A Roman senator, whose
name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by Romulus,
made an oath before the senate, that this prince ap-
peared to him after his death, and predicted the future
grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it ;
and expressly charged him, that he should be adored
there under the name of *Quirinus*; and he had his
temple on mount *Quirinal*.

231 *Next him his son, &c.*] Oliver's eldest son
Richard was, by him before his death, declared his
successor ; and, by order of the privy council, pro-
claimed Lord Protector ; and received the compli-
ments of congratulation and condolence, at the same
time, from the lord mayor and court of eldersmen ;
and addreses were presented to him from all parts of
the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives
and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at
Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector ;
yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and

Who first laid by the parliament,
 The only crutch on which he leant;
 And then sunk underneath the state,
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,
 For which th'had yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire all of kings,
 Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,
 And free t'erect what spiritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins
 Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;

their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

245 *To edify upon the ruins, &c.*] John of Leyden, whose name was *Buckhold*, was a butcher of the same place; but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow; and one of those called *Anabaptists*. He went and set up at Munster; where, with Knipperdoling and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors; and ran about the streets, in enthusiastic raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster; but at length, he and his associates being subdu'd and taken, he was executed at Munster, had

Who for a weather-cock hung up,
 Upon their mother church's top,
 Was made a type, by providence,
 Of all their revelations since;
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures :
 For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;
 But found their light and gifts more wide
 From fadging, than th' un sanctify'd ;
 While ev'ry individual brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
 Were found the busiest to transact ;
 For though most hands dispatch apace,
 And make light work (the proverb says ;)
 Yet many diff'rent intellects
 Are found t'have contrary effects ;
 And many heads t'obstruct intrigues,
 As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
 But all the rest for no such thing.
 Unless king Jesus ; others tamper'd
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ;
 Some for the Rump ; and some, more crafty,
 For agitators, and the safety ;
 Some for the gospel, and massacres
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,

his flesh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot
 pincers for the space of an hour, and then run through
 with a sword.

That swore to any human regence,
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
 Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of synods and provincial classes,
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:
 Some for fulfilling prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' excise;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage
 Of holy-days, and paying poundage:
 Some for the cutting down of groves,
 And rectifying bakers loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slav'ry of obedience.
 Some were for gospel-ministers,
 And some for red-coat seculars,
 As men most fit t'hold forth the word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword.
 Some were for carrying on the work
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk:
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camifado of surplices,
 That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of Popery, than gospel-light.
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
 Is married only to a thumb:

(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after marriage still.
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;
And some against all idolizing
The cross in shop-books, or baptizing;
Others, to make all things recant
The christian or surname of saint;
And force all churches, streets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce.
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals:
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches;
While others were for eating haunches
Of warriors, and now and then
The flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of ir'n by secret ones:
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the wicked fore afear'd of.

The quacks of government (who sat
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd timely how t'withdraw,
 And save their windpipes from the law;
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all th'had scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 'To feel the purses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover----gain.
 'Mong these there was a politician,
 With more heads than a beast in vision,
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the whores of Babylon;
 So politic, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink:
 And in his dark pragmatic way,
 As busy as a child at play.
 H'had seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall;

351 'Mong these there was a politician, &c.] This
 was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular faculty of undermining and subverting all forts of government.

For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
 He made his int'rest with the new one;
 Play'd true and faithful, though against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd.
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion
 Transform'd t'a feeble state camelion,
 By giving aim from side to side,
 He never fail'd to save his tide,
 But got the start of ev'ry state,
 And at a change ne'er came too late;
 Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
 As many ways as in a lath;
 By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
 Int' highest trust, and out, fornew.
 For when h'had happily incurr'd,
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
 And pass'd upon a government,
 He play'd his trick, and out he went:
 But being out, and out of hopes
 'To mount his ladder (more) of ropes;
 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The public ruin, and his own.
 So little did he understand
 The desp'rate feats he took in hand.
 For when h'had got himself a name
 For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game;
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To shew his play at fast and loose;
 And when he chanc'd t'escape, mistook
 For art and subtilty, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit,
 And made a tally to his wit,

And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground :
As th'earth is easiest undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.

By all these arts, and many more,
H'had practis'd long and much before,
Our state-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old finners have all points
O'th'compass in their bones and joints;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty finners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their conscience feel pain
Some days before a show'r of rain,
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t'insure his throat;
And hither came t'observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took;
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

409 *And better than by Napier's bones, &c.]* The famous Lord Napier of Scotland, the first inventor of logarathims, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory, which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations; and are commonly called *Napier's bones*.

To match this faint, there was another,
 As busy and perverse a brother,
 An haberdasher of small wares,
 In politics and state-affairs ;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
 And better gifted to rebel :
 For when h'had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The cause, aloft, upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went further ;
 So suddenly addicted still
 To's only principle, his will,
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move ;
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,
 Could render half a grain less stubborn.
 For he at any time wou'd hang
 For th'opportunity t'harangue ;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle :
 In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluss'd ;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;
 And, with its everlasting clack,
 Set all mens ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picquer,

421 *To match this faint, &c.]* The great colonel
 John Lilbourn. whose trial is so remarkable and well
 known at this time.

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy.
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing ;
 With volleys of eternal babble,
 And clamour more unanswerable.
 For though his topics, frail and weak,
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,
 With greater heat and confidence.
 As bones of Hector's, when they differ,
 The more they're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated :
 For nothing but his interest
 Could lay his devil of contest :
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T'espouse the cause for bett'r or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul, and body, worshipp'd it :
 But when he found the sullen traps,
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps ;
 The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks ;

473 *The Trojan mare, &c.*] After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse, capable of containing a considerable number of armed men; this they filled

Though squeamish in her outward woman,
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common;
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 'T'adhere and cleave the obstinater:
 And still the skittisher and looser,
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met,
 And close in consultation set;
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state,
 Than with his own impatience,
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence and the ice.

Quoth he, 'There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last out-goings brought about,
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,

with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to
 raise the siege; upon which the credulous Trojans
 made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this
 fatal plunder; but when it was brought in, the in-
 closed heroes soon appeared, and surprising the city,
 he rest entered in at the breach.

Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead :
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and akes of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their corns :
 And since our workings-out are cross'd,
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away, we meant,
 When taking of the covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the brothers
 Took oaths, to run before all others ;
 But in their own sense only swore
 To strive to run away before ;
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both ?
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mungrel church,
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient,----(I mean Marg'ret's fast,)
 When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd.
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through ?
 And understand as well to tame,
 As when they serve our turns, t'inflame ;

520 (*I mean Marg'ret's fast, &c.*) That parliament
 used to have public fasts kept in St Margaret's church,
 Westminster, as is done to this present time.

Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us:
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition;
 When hurricanes and fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform,)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
 Made bills to pass the grand committee;
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the church, and state, and laws,
 Submit t' old ir'n, and the cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might we better now again,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need;
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us;
 The hollow-hearted, dissaffected,
 And close malignant are detected;
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
 For pledges to secure our own;
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears.

And yet for all these providences,
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses;
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge.
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
 Or fools befotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 And neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away;
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together;
 No mean or trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress;
 Who use to lessen their despairs,
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among.
 But 'tis not come to that as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit;
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course;
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair;
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits;
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 By b'ing courageously outbrav'd;

As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd :
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men ;
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with fate ;
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking covenants,
 And setting up exams of saints,
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficacy.
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks, for independent,
 To hang like Mahomet in th' air,
 Or St Ignatius at his pray'r,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state :
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
 And since obedience is better

605 *To hang like Mahomet, &c.*] It is reported of
 Mahomet, the great impostor, that having built a
 mosque, the roof whereof was a loadstone, and order-
 ing his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an
 iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone
 soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in
 the air.

No! less fabulous is what the legend says of Ignatius
 Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so,
 that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from
 the ground for some considerable time together.

(The scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on't will suffice;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t'account or question.
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord may'rs of new Jerusalem.
 But look so big, and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers t'own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
 Like charity on those that want;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T'inspire themselves with short-hand notes:
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach, the house of Commons way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,
 But from our Calamys and Cafes?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye, or Owen?
 Their dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield.
 And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had ne'er been fainted as they are:

For saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate?
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege.
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins,
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men.
 And from the most refin'd of saints,
 As nat'rally grow miscreants,
 As barnacles turn solan geese
 I' th' islands of the Orcades.
 'Their dispensation's but a ticket,
 For their conforming to the wicked;
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense.
 For as the pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:

650 *As easy as serpents, &c.*] Naturalists report,
 that snakes, serpents, &c. cast their skins every year.

655 *As barnacles turn solan geese, &c.*] It is said,
 that in the islands of the Orcades in Scotland, there
 are trees which bear those barnacles, which dropping
 off into the water, receive life, and become those birds
 called *solan geese*.

663 *So he that keeps the gate of hell, &c.*] The poets

And, if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over-heated fots
 In fevers still, like other goats;
 For though the whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks;
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrine of dependences;
 Turns meek and secret, sneaking ones,
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones:
 And not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked, and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The brethren, and the men of sin;
 But faint and faint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's brotherhood;

feign the dog Cerberus, that is, the porter of hell, to
 have three heads.

685 *The Gibellines, &c.*] Two great factions in Italy distinguished by those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the year 1130.

Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,
 To gain one groat's worth of applause :
 For though endur'd with resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
 Shall precious faints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of bretheren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men ?
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;
 When savage bears agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug faints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both ?
 Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ?
 And faints whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take ?
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal ;
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while ?
 At least until th' had a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage,
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
 Who understand their workings out ;
 And know 'em both in soul and conscience,
 Giv'n up t'as reprobate a nonsense
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 In revelation only of plunder,
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their incroaching self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform and undermine ;
 Took all our interests and commands
 Perfidiously out of our hands ;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd ;
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of father Belial.
 And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
 Th' had done us, and the cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The work still, as we had begun :
 But true and faithfully obey'd,
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us like the cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the charge of goals,
 To find us pill'ries and cart-tails,
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,

And burnt our vessels, like a new
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true;
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
 Held for the cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held.
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men;
 Our inward man, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same.
 And till they first began to cant,
 And sprinkle down the covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;
 But join'd our gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy.
 Although 'twas ours and their opinion,
 Each others church was but a Rimmon:
 And yet for all this gospel-union,
 And outward shew of church-communion;
 'They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,
 Of ruling church or state affairs;
 Nor give us leave t'absolve, or sentence
 T'our own conditions of repentance;
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
 We had so painfully preach'd down;
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T'have calls to teach it up again:
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
 W'had been ungrateful not to pay:

Who, for the right w'have done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
 And put our vessels in a way
 Once more to come again in play.
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about;
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring in the king :
 What would our actions not have done,
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t'a share,
 At least in carrying on th' affair :
 But whether that be so or not,
 W'have done enough to have it thought ;
 And that's as good as if w'had done't,
 And easier pass'd upon account :
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is nat'rally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony ;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong :
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild ;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
 And, like the world, mens jobbernoles
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles ;
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controll'd,

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge-in providence.
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desp'rate than their first accessess;
 If we but get again in pow'r,
 Our work is easier than before;
 And we more ready and expert
 I' th' mystery to do our part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create, than make;
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry't on:
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own:
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we now we're better vers'd;
 Who have a freer latitude
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd?
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our discipline;
 To which it was reveal'd long since,
 We were ordain'd by providence:
 When three saints ears, our predecessors;
 The cause's primitive confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by six, express'd
 The perfect number of the beast,

841 *When three saints ears, &c.*] Burton, Prynne, and
 Bastwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions,
 just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

And prov'd that we must be the men,
To bring this work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have so able pastors,
And precious, pow'rful, preaching masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er brethrens purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their warehouses;
Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war,
All other heads of cattle are;)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the town:
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cor'nets at their footmens breeches,
To bawds as fat as mother Nab;
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any side:
Has one considerable improvement,
To double fortify the cov'nant:

I mean our covenant, to purchase
 Delinquents titles and the churches :
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land ;
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions.
 Our best reserve for reformation,
 When new outgoings give occasion :
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
 The covenant (their creed) t'assert :
 And when th'have pack'd a parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient :
 Who can already muster friends,
 To serve for members, to our ends,
 That represent no part o'th' nation,
 But Fisher's-Folly congregation ;
 Are only tools to our intrigues,
 And fit, like geese, to hatch our eggs ;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T'out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
 Can order matters underhand,
 To put all bus'ness to a stand :
 Lay public bills aside for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary ;
 And make the nation represent
 And serve for us in parliament ;

894 *But Fisher's-Folly, &c.*] Fisher's-Folly was where
 Devonshire-square now stands, and was a great place
 of consultation in those days.

Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none;
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental;
 Can set up grandee against grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy;
 Make lords and commoners lay sieges
 To one another's privileges;
 And rather than compound the quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins; th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope:
 Who, though we do not play the game,
 Assist as much by giving aim.
 Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions t'act their parts;
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, or fourth;
 How much a casting voice comes to,
 That turns up trump of Ay, or No;
 And by adjusting all at th'end,
 Share every one his dividend.
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now's in danger to be lost,
 Unless our ancient virtuoso's,
 That found it out, get into th'houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook;

907 *Cut out more work, &c.]* Plato's year, or the
 grand revolution of the intire machine of the world,
 was accounted 4000.

And practis'd down from forty-four,
 Until they turn'd us out of door :
 Besides the herds of *boutefeus*,
 We set on work without the house;
 When every knight and citizen
 Kept legislative journeymen,
 To bring them in intelligence,
 From all points, of the rabble's sense;
 And fill the lobbies of both houses
 With politic important buzzes :
 Set up committees of cabals,
 To pack designs without the walls;
 Examine, and draw up all news,
 And fit it to our present use.
 Agree upon the plot o'th' farce,
 And ev'ry one his part rehearse.
 Make Q's of answers, to waylay
 What th'other party's like to say :
 What repartees, and smart reflections,
 Shall be return'd to all objections;
 And who shall break the master-jest,
 And what, and how, upon the rest :
 Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
 Of proper slanders and seditions :
 And treason for a token send,
 By letter to a country friend ;
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit
 That men, like burglary, commit ;
 Wit falser than a padder's face,
 That all its owner does betrays ;
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
 He's in his calling to be seen.

Disperse the dung on barren earth,
 To bring new weeds of discord forth;
 Be sure to keep up congregations,
 In spite of laws and proclamations:
 For Chiariatans can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a crowd;
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't;
 As long as confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all they th' endure;
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution.
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade;
 And, while they keep their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the Christian blood w' have let;
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain
 Our title to do so again:
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence.
 Our constancy t' our principles,
 In time will wear out all things else:
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
 With gallantry of pilgrims kisses;
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths:
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
 Before from world to world they swung:
 As they had turn'd from side to side,
 And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient states-monger
 Could now contain himself no longer ;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
 Against th' haranguer's politics,
 With smart remarks, of leering faces,
 And annotations of grimaces,
 After h' had minister'd a dose
 Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,
 And powder'd th' inside of his scull,
 Instead of th' outward jobber-nol,
 He shook it, with a scornful look
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke.

In dressing a calf's-head, altho'
 The tongue and brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
 For who did ever play his gambols,
 With such insufferable rambles ;
 To make the bringing in the KING,
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?
 Which none could do, but those that swore
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore :
 That to defend, was to invade,
 And to assassinate, to aid :
 Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a doubt,)
 No power is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your score :
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made ;

And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd s' unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,
For letting rapine loose, and murther,
To rage just so far, but no further ;
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state :
And not b' allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both again.
Especially, that have the grace
Of self-denying, gifted face ;
Who when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd :
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,

And win your necks upon the fet,
 As well as ours, who did but bet;
 (For he had drawn your ears before,
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play;
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,
 And fancy only, on the by;
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles;
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up, like alligators:
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
 Your Presbyterian gratitude:
 Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple on the other side,
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse:
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again:
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies:
 And therefore all your lights and calls
 Are but apocryphal, and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insolences:
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament
 To serve the New for precedent:

T'amend its errors and defects,
 With murder, and rebellion-texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth in use;
 As Mahomet, your chief, began
 To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind:
 Fill'd bedlam with predestination
 And Knights-bridge with illumination:
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford.
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd.
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
 Whose husbands were not for the cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle;
 Made taylor's 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the saints adventures.
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:
 Inchant the king's and church's lands,
 T'obey and follow your commands;

And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcly-hill had done of old,
 Could turn the cov'nant, and translate
 The gospel into spoons and plate ;
 Expound upon all merchants cashes,
 And open th' intricateſt places :
 Could catechize a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;
 Until the cauſe became a Damon,
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in ſpite of all your charms,
 To conjure Legion up in arms ;
 And raiſe more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to caſt out ;
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools
 Bred up, you ſay, in your own ſchools ;
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit.
 By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd,
 And held forth out of all command :
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at carryings-on ;
 Of all your diſpenſations worm'd,
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd ;
 Ejected out of church and ſtate,
 And all things, but the people's hate ;
 And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By thoſe who lodg'd their gifts and graces,
 Like better bowlers, in your places ;
 All which you bore with reſolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of perfecution ;

And though most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;
 And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
 Nor snuffed treason nor misprision.
 That is, because you never durst;
 For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able
 To raise your posse of the rabble:
 One single red-coat centinel
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
 Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse:
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your pow'rs;
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of outgoings;
 Or to your ord'ring providence
 One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you pow'r to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man;
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means;
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:
 Brave undertakers to restore,
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
 'T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loath
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both,

To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As grace is introduc'd by sin ;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctify'd impertinence ;
 Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;
 Oblig'd the state to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out ;
 To reformado, one and all,
 T'your great Croyfado general.
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before y'had time to draw the net :
 Your spite to see the church's lands
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under churches in the town ;
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independent's spreading growths.
 All which considered, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you ;
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
 The midnight-junto's, and seal'd knots ;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.

1200 *T' your great Croyfado general, &c.]* General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair;
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, loose;
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From taskmasters, and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat,
 In an indiff'rent man's conceit:
 For whoe'er heard of restoration,
 Until your thorough reformation?
 That is, the king's and church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands:
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore.
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?
 As by a world of hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first: The isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;
 Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases;
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a-coursing in the schools;
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author
 O' th' cov'nant, and the cause his daughter.

1241 *To pass for deep and learned scholars, &c.*] Two ridiculous scriblers that were often pestering the world with nonsense.

For when they charg'd him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt ;
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
In person like Sir Pride, or Hughson :
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the saints,
Those reformation-termagants ?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late ;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T'inclose him with his warriors round :
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th'untimely sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness ;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t'withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application.
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends ;

1250 *Like Sir Pride, &c.*] The one a brewer, the
other a shoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels ar-
my.

You basely left them, and the church
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.
 This shews what utensils y'have been,
 To bring the king's concernments in :
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you ;
 And if he take you into trust
 Will find you most exactly just ;
 Such as will punctually repay
 With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who dully act one part ;
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide.
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues :
 While others in old faiths and troths,
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloaths :
 And nastier in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen.

For true and faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the game goes :
 And whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
 While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right,

And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w'have but sense,
To use the necessary means;
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams.
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give :
Set up the covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w'are sure to prop our own :
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding :
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y'had none, accoutred.

I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, how ?
'Tis true, w'have money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before ;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things :
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way :
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well :
Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages.

Nor is our money less our own,
 Than 'twas before we laid it down ;
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought to play upon't :
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
 We know the arts we us'd before,
 In peace and war, and something more ;
 And by th' unfortunate events,
 Can mend our next experiments :
 For when w'are taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust ?
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights :
 And while they're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please :
 How easy is't to serve for agents,
 To prosecute our old engagements ?
 To keep the good old cause on foot,
 And present pow'r from taking root ;
 Inflame them both with false alarms
 Of plots, and parties taking arms ;
 'To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side ;
 Profess the passionat'st concerns,
 For both their interests, by turns.
 The only way t'improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none ;
 (As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together ;

And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our antient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty;
 To reconcile our late dissenters,
 Our brethren, though by other venters;
 Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots:
 And make them join again as close,
 As when they first began t'espouse;
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes, in church and state;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only 'mong themselves converse;
 And all that are not of their mind,
 Make enemies to all mankind:
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From conclave down to conventicle:
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the light in being.
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misrule in one sense:
 But in another quite contrary,
 As dispensations chance to vary:
 And stand for, as the times will bear it,
 All contradictions of the spirit;
 Protect their emissaries, impow'r'd
 To preach sedition and the word:
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'ers for the cause;
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,

To keep them equally in awe,
 From breaking or maintaining law;
 And when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full tides of the moon;
 Put off their zeal to a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in, and treason;
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,
 Like hawks from bating on their perches:
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.

Mean while be better arm'd to fence
 Against revólts of providence;
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For if success could make us saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants:
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,
 'Spite of our hearts, or be undone:
 And not to stand on terms and freaks,
 Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work, as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night:
 All licence of the people own,
 In opposition to the crown.
 And for the crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide.
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind:

Be sure to spare no public rapine,
 On all emergencies that happen ;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as men in want :
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade ;
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.
 For gain has wonderful effects
 T'improve the factory of sects :
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians :
 Whence turning of religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade.
 And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a course ;
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce :
 For all religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
 To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t'improve a church as zeal :
 As persecution, or promotion,
 Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go,
 Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow :
 For things in order are put out
 So easy, ease itself will do't :

But when the feat's design'd and meant,
 What miracle can bear th' event ?
 For 'tis more easy to betray,
 Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,
 The weightiest matters to divert ;
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
 But in affairs of less import,
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;
 And seem as scrupulously just,
 To bait our hooks for greater trust ;
 But still be careful to cry down
 All public actions, though our own :
 The least miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the state ;
 Express'd the horrid'st detestation,
 And pity the distracted nation.
 Tell stories scandalous and false,
 I' th' proper language of cabals,
 Where all a subtle statesman says,
 Is half in words, and half in face ;
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues,
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs ;)
 Intrust it under solemn vows
 Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
 To be retail'd again in whispers,
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman----When a shout,
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;

And strait another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste;
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble----that came down
From all the garrets----in the town,
And stalls, and shop-boards----in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills----and rusty arms,
To cry the cause----up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops----out of door;
Are now drawn up----in greater shoals,
To roast---and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees----of our members
Are carbonading----on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgessees-----
Held forth by rumps----of pigs and geese,
'That serve for characters---and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,
In which they roast---and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast---and broil alive:

And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,

1505 *That beastly rable,---that came down, &c.]*
This is an accurate description of the mob's burning
rumps upon the admission of the secluded members,
in contempt of the Rump-parliament.

W'are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar :
 Some on the sign-post of an alchouse,
 Hang, in effigie, on the gallows,
 Made up of rags, to personate
 Respective officers of state ;
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,
 Prescrib'd in law, and executed,
 And while the work is carrying on,
 Be ready list'd under Dun ;
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
 And tinder-box of all his fellows ;
 The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive ;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 Is chosen for a fifth again :
 (For since the state has made a quint
 Of generals, he's list'd in't) :
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way ;
 For, moulded to the life in clouts,
 Th'have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em :
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.

1534 *Be ready list'd under Dun*] The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550 *They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.*] Cook acted as solicitor-general against K. Charles I. at his trial, and afterwards received his just reward for the same. Pride a colonel in the parliament's army.

On whom in equipage and state,
His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th'us'd to do ;
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigie slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o'th'beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears ;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with amunition,
And propagate the church with powder ;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
These spiritual pioners o'th'whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in heav'n by springing mines,
And with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels ;
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,
And blow us up in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;

1564 *Their founder was a blown-up soldier*] Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a soldier ; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in 1521 ; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state-mysteries :
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented by the best rumps.

But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches ;

And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus,
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.

For as the Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies ;

And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r :

Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rest in their tails ;

But when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state :

They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.

1585 *And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus,]* Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

1587 *For as the Egyptians us'd by bees, &c.]* The Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

For, as in bodies natural,
 The rump's the fundament of all;
 So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
 The government is call'd the *helm*;
 With which, like vessels under fail,
 They're turn'd, and winded by the tail,
 The tail which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with, through sea and air:
 To whom the rudder of the rump is
 The same thing with the stern and compass.
 This shews how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in nature jump.
 For as a fly that goes to bed,
 Rests with his tail above his head;
 So, in this mungrel state of ours,
 The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,
 That hors'd us on their backs, to shows us,
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned rabbins of the Jews
 Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to;
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetals proceed;
 From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part.
 Then what can better represent,
 Than this rump bone, the parliament,
 That, after sev'ral rude ejections
 And as prodigious resurrections,

With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives ?

But, now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
And th' houſe, as well as members, fir'd ;
Conſum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out ;
Condemn'd t'ungoverning diſtreſs,
And paltry, private wretchedneſs ;
Worſe than the devil, to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration ;
And parted like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and control.

We, who could lately with a look
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke ;
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off ;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet :
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And pray'rs, than the crowns of hats ;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruins juſt as low as high ;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall :
For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge ;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amafs'd,
Wou'd gladly lay down all at laſt ;

And to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail;
 And bleſs the devil to let them farms
 Of forfeit ſouls, on no worſe terms.

This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout
 Put all th' aſſembly to the rout;
 Who now begun t'outrun their fear,
 As horſes do, from thoſe they bear:
 But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
 Until th' had block'd the paſſage faſt,
 And barricado'd it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
 That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
 And rather ſave a crippled piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members,
 Than have them grilly'd on the embers;
 Still preſſing on with heavy packs,
 Of one another, on their backs:
 The vanguard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear;
 But, borne-down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled forely under foot:
 Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
 As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
 As leſſer pains are by the gout,
 Reliev'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
 Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuſcan running horſe,
 Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

C A N T O III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night :
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T'a plea in law, and prosecute ;
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed ?
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination ?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;

8 *Than hags with all their imps and teats,*] Al-
luding to the vulgar opinion that witches have their
imps, or familiar spirits, that are employed in their
diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have a-
bout them.

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
 Than all their nurseries of elves.
 For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which;
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences;
 As Rosicrucian virtuoso's
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;
 That makes them in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions;
 And when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best:
 Do things, not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of nature, but its own;
 The courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn poltroons as valiant:
 For men as resolute appear,
 With too much, as too little fear;
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from death by dying;
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

15 *As Rosicrucian virtuoso's, &c.*] The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany, in the beginning of the 17th age. They are also called the *enlightened, immortal, and invisible*. They are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the furies, left perdue,
 And haunted with detachments, sent
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;
 When nothing but himself, and fear,
 Was both the imps and conjurer;
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
 It follows in due form of poesy.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
 We left our champion on his flight,
 At blind-man's-buff, to grope his way,
 In equal fear of night and day;
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
 He knew no better than his horse;
 And by an unknown devil led,
 (He knew as little whither) fled.
 He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of speed;
 Disabled, both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away, his best;
 To keep the enemy, and fear,
 From equal falling on his rear.
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
 The further and the nearer side:
 (As seamen ride with all their force,

36 *From Marshal Legion's regiment,*] He used to
 preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down
 from heaven, for the propagation of the good old
 cause.

And tug as if they row'd the horse ;
 And when the hackeny fails most swift,
 Believe they lag, and run adrift)
 So though he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste :
 For fear, though fleetier than the wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the morn began t' appear,
 And shift t'another scene his fear ;
 He found his new officious shade,
 That came so timely to his aid,
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told
 The lady all he had t'unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of sight,
 To entertain th' approaching knight ;
 And while he gave himself diversion,
 T' accommodate his beast and person,
 And put his beard into a posture
 At best advantage to accost her ;
 She order'd th' antimasquerade
 (For his reception) afore said :
 But when the ceremony was done,
 The lights put out, and furies gone ;
 And Hudibras, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd ;
 The wretched caitif all alone
 (As he believ'd) began to moan,
 And tell his story to himself ;

The knight mistook him for an elf ;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man ;
 And thought, because they oft agreed
 T' appear in one another's steed,
 And act the saint's and devil's part,
 With undistinguishable art ;
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes ;
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
 What art ? my squire, or that bold spright
 That took his place and shape to-night ?
 Some busy independent pug,
 Retainer to this synagogue ?
 Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose ;
 But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,
 Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o'th'mire,
 And from th' enchantments of a widow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;
 And, though a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are ;
 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant Presbyterian way.

That's stranger, quoth the knight, and stranger :
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, The infernal conjurer,
 Pursu'd and took me prisoner ;
 And knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along to find you out.
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,

Have noted all they said or did.
 And though they lay to him the pageant,
 I did not see him, nor his agent;
 Who play'd their forceries out of fight,
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
 But didst thou see no devils then?
 Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,
 A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezebel;
 That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,
 To see them take your deposition.

What then, quoth Hudibras, was he
 That play'd the devil t' examine me?
 A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown:
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
 In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
 The naked truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre.
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone,

145 *More plainly than the rev'rend writer, &c.] A*
 most reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided with
 the disaffected party.

To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear ?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own :
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit ;
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye :
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the enemy behind,
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain ;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day ;
And by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good ;
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That parting's wont to rent and tear,
And give the desperat' st attack
To danger still behind its back.
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ;
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;

Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise;
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:
To flight my new acquests, and run
Victoriously from battles won:
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And conqu'ring run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew:
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you,
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse:
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers:

Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
 Had had no reason to complain;
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome,
 'To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons.
 'The enemy was reinforc'd,
 And we disabled, and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, though 'twas desp'rate in the attempt,
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our bones in fit condition
 'To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
 'To think of falling on again:
 No martial project to surprize,
 Can ever be attempted twice;
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,
 As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
 Besides, our bangs of man and beast
 Are fit for nothing now but rest;
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally and prove serviceable:
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem, t'amuse our foes,
 To make an honourable retreat,
 And wave a total sure defeat:
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 Hence timely running's no mean part
 Of conduct in the martial art:

By which some glorious feats atchieve,
 As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil.
 'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest,
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of brains;
 And in the end prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to fortune;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution:
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
 That only fav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done:
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i'th' victory;
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all:
 Print new additions to their feats,

261 *If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men, &c.]*

The Romans highly honoured and nobly rewarded those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

And emendations in gazettes:
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have don't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome:
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame,
 Disperse the news, the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;
 And though reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring heaven with a lie;
 And for their beating giving thanks,
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th'enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly;
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights,
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine and *aqua vitae*;
 And made them stoutly overcome
 With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;
 Whom th'uncontroll'd decrees of fate
 To victory necessitate;
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return;

Or else their Sultan-populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the day;
Although the rabble fous'd them for't,
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle;
Unless it be to herds of cattle :
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o'th'expedition;
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out :
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way ;
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other's stomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming;
All dangers are reduc'd to famine ;

305 *Or else their Sultan-populaces, &c.*] The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob, to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Bassa's*, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine:
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for g'ory, or forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' rear;
And forc'd with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground t'encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th'engagements of their warriors
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th'ancient mice attack'd the frogs;
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, whose stout and bold?
But, who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving:
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.

350 *As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs]* Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

So th'Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car:
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely eat his captives up;
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her,
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As those who win the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover;

383 *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride, &c.] A story*
in Tasso an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mi-
strefs, by conquering her party.

When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addressees to be gain'd ;
 And if they were, would have it out,
 With many another kind of bout.
 'Therefore I hold no course s'infeasible,
 As this of force to win the Jezebel ;
 To storm her heart by th' antic charms
 Of ladies-errant, force of arms ;
 But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord ;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 'To testify what pass'd between you ;
 More probable, and like to hold,
 'Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 'Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And bills upon record been found,
 'That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the bus'ness you look after :
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war,
 In which the law does execution
 With less disorder and confusion ;
 Has more of honour in't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old ;
 When those the pen had drawn together,
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 Nay, more than bullets now of lead :

So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ;
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures ;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms ;
 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right :
 For whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close ;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to e're y' have done.

The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo ;
 That makes the most perfidious lover
 A lady, that's as false, recover :
 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride ;
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages :
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans ;
 They never manage the contest
 'T' impair their public interest ;
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession :
 Not like us brethren, who divide
 Our commonwealth, the cause, and side ;

And though w'are all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward ;
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle :
 While lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than t' argue at their own expence,
 But make the best advantages
 Of others quarrels, like the Swifs :
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 And though th' abounded in all ages,
 With fundry learned clerks and sages ;
 Though all their bus'ness be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit ;
 Th' have no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert :
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t'abound ;
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians ;
 The Galenist and Paracelsian,
 Condemn the way each other deals in :
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ;
 And heralds stickle who got who
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T'expose their trade to disputation;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Besides, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other sciences
They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies;
They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiaries constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse,)
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,

And by transition fall upon
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For if I think by law to gain her,
'There's nothing sillier nor vainer.

'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours.

And if she should, which heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;

What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?

He that with injury is griev'd,

And goes to law to be reliev'd,

Is sillier than a sottish chowse,

Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,

Applies himself to cunning men,

To help him to his goods again;

When all he can expect to gain,

Is but to squander more in vain.

And yet I have no other way,

But is as difficult to play.

For to reduce her by main force,

Is now in vain, by fair means, worse:

But worst of all to give her over,

'Till she's as desp'rate to recover.

For bad games are thrown up too soon,

Until they're never to be won.

But since I have no other course

But is as bad t'attempt, or worse;

He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still;
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 For reasons to himself best known:
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
 Whom I must answer, or begin
 Inevitably first with him.
 For I've receiv'd advertisement,
 By times, enough of his intent;
 And knowing, he that first complains,
 Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains;
 For courts of justice understand
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear;
 Is freely admitted to all grace,
 And lawful favour, by his place;
 And for his bringing custom in,
 Has all advantages to win.
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,
 Will go to counsel to advise
 Which way t'encounter, or surprise,
 And after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion;
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As counsellor and justice too.
 And truly so, no doubt, he was,
 A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,
 At Westminster and Hicks's-hall,
 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;
 Where, in all governments and times,
 H'had been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And us'd to equal ways of gaining,
 By hindering justice, or maintaining;
 To many a whore gave privilege,
 And whipp'd, for want of quarteridge;
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
 And many a trusty pimp and croney
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
 Engag'd the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace;
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoners of course,
 For being sober at ill hours,
 That in the morning he might free,
 Or bind them over for his fee.

577 *An old dull sot, who told the clock, &c.] Pri-
 deaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatical busy per-
 son in those times, a mercenary and cruel magistrate,
 infamous for the above methods of getting money,
 among many others.*

589 *And many a trusty pimp and croney, &c.] There
 was a goal for puny offenders.*

Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways ;
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground ;
 The kennel, and the king's highway,
 For being unmolested, pay ;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most ;
 Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandelers ;
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend :
 As residentiary bawds,
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,
 And pay church-duties, and his fees :
 But was implacable and aukward,
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd,
 To this brave man the knight repairs,
 For counsel in his law-affairs ;
 And found him mounted in his pew,
 With books and money plac'd for skew,
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
 And for his false opinion pay :

599 *Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays, &c.] He
 extorted money from those that kept shows.*

To whom the knight, with comely grace,
 Put off his hat, to put his case :
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
 As th' other courteously strain'd ;
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
 Whom I have cudgell'd.-----Very well.
 And now he brags t'have beaten me ;-----
 Better and better still, quoth he :
 And vows to stick me to a wall,
 Where-e'er he meets me.-----Best of all.
 'Tis true the knave has taken's oath
 That I robb'd him.-----Well done, in troth.
 When h'has confess'd he stole my cloak,
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,
 And take my goods again.-----Marry, hang him.
 Now whether I should beforehand
 Swear he robb'd me ?---I understand ;
 Or bring my action of conversion
 And trover for my goods ?---Ah ! whoreson.
 Or, if 'tis better to indite,
 And bring him to his trial ?---Right.
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him ?---True.
 Or whether he that is defendant,
 In this case has the better end on't ;
 Who putting in a new cross-bill,
 May traverse th' action ?---Better still.
 Then there's a lady too,---Ay marry,
 That's easily prov'd accessory ;

A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.---Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;
Who put me int' a horrid fear,
Fear of my life.---Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body.---Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe imprisonment, all night;
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle.---Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;
For matrimony and hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,

As upon any case I've known,
 But we that practise dare not own.
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking bus'ness off mens hands;
 'Tis common barratry, that bears
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them 'till there is not leather,
 To stick a pin in, left of either;
 For which some do the summer-fault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.
 But you may swear at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state;
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat---)
 For Justice, though she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
 Like Charity; else right and wrong
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind fortune, with a flight,
 Convey mens interest and right,
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's
 As easily as Hocus Pocus:
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
 And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.

715 *From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, &c.]* John a Nokes and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made use of in stating cases of law only.

Then whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife;
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's all one,
The proof is all it looks upon ;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their consciences ;
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,
Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone ;
W' have store of such, and all our own ;
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch ;

742 *On Bongey for a water-witch*] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic; and so both Bacon Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also

And, when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
 Y' have time enough to deal with her.
 I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
 To draw her neck into the bans;
 Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,
 With trains t' inveigle, and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies :
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other by-designs ;
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal or hand ;
 Or find void places in the paper
 To steal in something to intrap her ;
 Till with her worldly goods and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' temples, under trees ;
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
 Or wait for customers between
 'The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn :
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
 'T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and cloaths,

publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some
 well meaning credulous people in this opinion ; but it
 was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen
 provincial of his order, being a person of most excel-
 lent parts and piety.

Their only necessary tools,
Besides the gospel, and their souls.
And when y'are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee;
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice,
To bait a letter as you bid;
As not long after thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN
HEROICAL
EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS
TO
HIS LADY.

I Who was once as great as Caesar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment;
Where all the hopes I had t'have won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,

You'll find, upon my just defence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my innocence:
 That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
 But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, though delay'd:
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought;
 To undergo the loss of ears,
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
 For there's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base;
 Who always are observ'd t'have done't
 Upon as different an account:
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To save, in honour, ugly flaws:
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who're nicest of their honour:
 The other, for base gain and pay,
 Forswear and perjure by the day;
 And make th'exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person,
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th'old-fashion'd trick, to keep his word;
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men to do the same:
 For to be able to forget,
 Is found more useful to the great,
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.

But though the law, on perjurers,
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears ;
 It is not just that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish th'innocent :
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th'ungovern'd tongue ;
 And, when one member is foresworn,
 Another to be cropt or torn.
 And if you should, as you design,
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You're like, if you consider right,
 To gain but little honour by't.
 For he that for his lady's sake,
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,
 Does not so much deserve her favour
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.
 This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
 Although ye now disdain to own ;
 But sentence what you rather ought
 T'esteem good service, than a fault.
 " Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
 " That lit'ral sense the words infer ;
 " But, by the practice of the age,
 " Are to be judg'd how far th'engage,
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,
 " Are found void, and of none effect.
 " For no man takes or keeps a vow,
 " But just as he sees others do ;
 " Nor are th'oblig'd to be so brittle,
 " As not to yield and bow a little ;
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,
 " Before they break, to bend quite round ;

" So truest oaths are still most tough,
 " And though they bow are breaking proof."
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
 In love a greater latitude?
 For as the law of arms approves
 All ways to conquest, so should love's;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails;
 For how can that which is above
 All empire, high and mighty love,
 Submit its great prerogative
 To any other pow'r alive?
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case?
 The fundamental law of nature
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?
 Commit the censure of its cause
 To any, but its own great laws?
 Love, that's the world's preservative,
 That keeps all souls of things alive;
 Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,
 And gives mankind a longer date;
 The life of nature, that restores,
 As fast as time and death devours;
 To whose free gift the world does owe,
 Not only earth, but heav'n too:
 For love's the only trade that's driv'n,
 The interest of state in heav'n,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain.
 For what can earth produce, but love,
 To represent the joys above?

Or who, but lovers, can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
 Address and compliment by vision,
 Make love and court by intuition?
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
 As these celestial ministers?
 Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an end?
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent,
 That for its own supply was meant?
 That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake.
 Or if it did not, but the cause
 Were left to th' injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 There should be equity in love?
 For laws that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love, or hate,
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon;

113 *Or who, but lovers, can converse, &c.*] Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels, and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121 *Or heav'n itself a sin resent, &c.*] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime, to supply store of inhabitants for it.

Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on criminals as strict :
 But to have power to forgive,
 Is empire, and prerogative :
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
 To grant a pardon, than condemn.
 Then since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault ;
 For why should he who made address
 All humble ways, without success,
 And met with nothing in return,
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
 Not strive by wit to countermine,
 And bravely carry his design ?
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder ;
 And after letting blood and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging ;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd by goblins in the night ;
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude invasion of his beard ;
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd,
 As foully by the rabble handled ;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his guard :
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;

That with your breeding teeth begin,
 And nursing babies, that lie in;
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows
 Against your stratagems t' oppose,
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down;
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye:
 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into ambushes:
 As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
 So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red;
 Display them thicker on their cheeks,
 Than their old grandmothers, the Piets;
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers less subtle books:
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard:

173 *You wound, like Parthians, while you fly, &c.]*
 Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia:
 They were excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at
 their bows; and it is reported of them, that they ge-
 nerally slew more upon their retreat, than they did in
 the engagement.

188 *Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard]* One of

Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain?
And only draw 'em in, to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress, but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures, he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will;
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess'd,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done of course,
By all men, when they're under force.

the assembly of divines, very remarkable for the singu-
larity of his beard.

Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all again.
 But when the devil turns confessor,
 'Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
 To hear, or pardon, like the founder
 Of liars, whom they all claim under.
 And therefore, when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went :
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse.
 For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours ?
 And what at first was held a crime,
 Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come ?

237 *To what a height did infant Rome, &c.]* When
 Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or
 place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnox-
 ious to the laws, to retire to ; by which means it soon
 came to be very populous : But when he began to con-
 sider, that without propagation it would soon be desti-
 tute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows,
 and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours

When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd :
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor in the mind they were in, dy'd :
 Nor took the pains t'address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
 Disdain'd to stay for friends consents,
 Nor juggled about settlements ;
 Did need no licence, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In th'holy state of matrimony,
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death them parts :
 Nor would endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very bride's good-will,
 But took a wife and shorter course
 To win the ladies, downright force ;
 And justly made 'em pris'ners then,
 As they have often since, us men ;
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all love's intrigues.

to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravish-
 ed them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an
 offspring.

252 *Till alimony or death them parts*] Alimony
 is an allowance that the law gives the woman for
 her separate maintenance upon living from her hus-
 band. That and death are reckoned the only separa-
 tions in a married state.

And, when they had them at their pleasure,
 Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more
 Than half a year of love before;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won;
 And such as all posterity
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.-----It follows, then,
 That men have right to ev'ry one,
 And they no freedom of their own;
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours,
 Though by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse;
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great lord's interest?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in grace
 And nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made,
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;

Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That nature gave him over women ;
When all his pow'r will not extend
One law of nature to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to repel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like fots, permit their wives
T' incroach on their prerogatives ;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery :
And this some precious gifted teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make you suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.

But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
Forgive me, fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of love and temper too.
All I have said that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you ;
Who have so sov'reign a controul
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,
'That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;
Both with an equal pow'r possess'd,
To render all that serve you blest :

But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have, or lose you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please,)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate upon my skin
Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your love.

The knight, perusing this epistle,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle;
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself, twice over:
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit;
And dated it with wond'rous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart,
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking faggot,----and above,
Upon a scroll,----*I burn and weep,*
And near it,----*For her ladyship,*
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.
Then gave it to his faithful squire,
With lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter.
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,

She open'd it, and read it out,
 With many a smile, and leering flout :
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
 And thus perform'd what she design'd.

LADY'S ANSWER.

L 2

THAT you're a beast, and call it to your shame,

Is no strange news, nor ever was, nor shall be.
 At least to me, who know you better than
 Did from the pond trip you up to the land.
 When both your sword and spear were wont to
 In combat by an Amazon, and I
 The sword, that did like a dragon's mouth
 The invisible depth of your villainy;
 And never shall its furies blow, but
 Not cut the throats of your kindred,
 By Trolls, nor in single fight, nor private quarrel,
 Distant, and wretched from the knight, it shall be
 Your heels depending of your knees, as
 And in the front, close against your eyes, and

THE
LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE
KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grafs,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won
In combat by an Amazon ;
That sword, that did, like Fate, determine
The inevitable death of vermin ;
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows ;
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its knight,
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners :

Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
 If I, in pity of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditions,
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
 And what return that favour met,
 You cannot, though you would, forget;
 When being free, you strove t'evade
 The oaths you had in prison made;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd and justify'd it:
 And when y'had falsely broke one vow,
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears;
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim as boldly as your due;
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course;
 We have no title nor pretence
 To body, soul, or conscience:
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware.
 These are the motives, which, t'induce
 Or fright us into love, you use.
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting;
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
 For charity at once, and threat.
 But since you undertake to prove
 Your own propriety in love,

As if we were but lawful prize
 In war, between two enemies ;
 Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
 That would but sue for, might recover ;
 It is not hard to understand
 The myst'ry of this bold demand ;
 That cannot at our persons aim,
 But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paultry counterfeit
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,
 But our right diamonds, that inspire
 And set your am'rous hearts on fire :
 Nor can those false St Martin's beads
 Which on our lips you lay for reds,
 And make us wear like Indian dames,
 Add fewel to your scorching flames ;
 But those true rubies of the rock,
 Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
 That you are so transported with ;
 But those we wear about our necks,
 Produce those amorous effects.
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
 The perriwigs you make us wear ;
 But those bright guineas in our chests,
 That light the wildefire in your breasts.
 These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their sly intrigues I know,
 And can unriddle by their tones,
 Their mystic cabals, and jargons ;
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;

What raptures fond and amorous
 O' th' charms and graces of my house;
 What ecstasy, and scorching flame,
 Burns for my money, in my name;
 What from th'unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle takes its fire;
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
 Long for a thousand pounds a-year;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall,
 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;
 To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Y'have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;
 That all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
 'This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment in your choice of love;
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study't as an art;
 For love should, like a deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land:
 And where there's substance for its ground,
 Cannot but be more firm and found
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
 Which is of such thin subtilty,
 It steals and creeps in at the eye,

And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold, and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces, but by these :
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which, as philtres, love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their childrens love ;
'That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have ;
And when the settlement's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse :
For money has a pow'r above
The stars and fate, to manage love ;
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And though some say, the parents claims
To make love in their childrens names,
Who many times at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride ;

133 *Whose arrows learned poets hold, &c.*] The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows, the one tipped with gold, the other with lead. The golden

Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
 And woo, and contract, in their names :
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em :
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money.
 'Tis better than their own betrothing,
 Who often do't for worse than nothing :
 And when th' are at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right ; but for the course
 You take to do't, by fraud, or force,
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than setters can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
 Which all men either break, or bow :
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but woo ?
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,
 For earnest to their treachery :
 And rather than a crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less ;
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
 Maintain their innocence to the last ;

always inspire and inflame love in the persons he
 wounds with them ; but, on the contrary, the leaden
 create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first
 of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne,
 according to Ovid.

And when their crimes were made appear
 As plain as witnesses can swear;
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their death a lie.
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
 So slight as to be justify'd,
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.
 As if you thought your word would pass,
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
 Or credit were not to be lost,
 B' a brave knight-errant of the post,
 That eats perfidiously his word,
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board:
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty, *pro* and *con*:
 Can make the gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out to be foresworn;
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.
 These are the virtues, in whose name
 A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In grace and nature, o'er all women;
 Of whom no less will satisfy,
 Than all the sex, your tyranny.
 Although you'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,
 To govern such a num'rous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you:
 For if you all were Solomons,
 And wise and great as he was once,

You'll find they're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done:
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach as how to use the flight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that a stone,
Like fots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces:
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit:
For, by the practice of those arts,
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a present to be giv'n.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows?
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a diamond?
 Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without care.
 The whole world, without art and dress,
 Would be but one great wilderness;
 And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that nature has conferr'd.
 This does but rough-hew, and design,
 Leaves art to polish and refine.
 Though women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them again :
 For when (outwitted by his wife)
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life;
 If woman had not interven'd,
 How soon had mankind had an end!
 And that it is in being yet,
 To us alone you are in debt.
 And where's your liberty of choice,
 And our unnatural No voice?
 Since all the privilege you boast,
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
 Is now our right; to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration.
 And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks,
 And shallow, formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative,

You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,
 Like fots, suppose we have no shares
 In ord'ring you and your affairs:
 When all your empire and command,
 You have from us at second hand:
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only while he steers,
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card nor star,
 And did not guide the man of war:
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In councils, do not govern there:
 While, like the mighty Prester John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
 W'enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men:
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;

277 *While, like the mighty Prester John, &c.]* Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him, without his permission.

Or Joan de Pucel's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim ;

285 Or *Joan de Pucel's braver name*] Joan of Arc, called also *the Pucelle* or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi on the Meuse, daughter of James d'Arc and Isabella Romee, was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty, she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared, that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forlois, upon the blade of which the cross and flower-de-luces were ingraven ; which put the King in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, 1430, and tried for a witch or forcerefs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a grand constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause;
Prescribe all rules of right and wrong,
To th'long robe, and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'rful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state.

Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.

We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,

And are the heavenly vehicles
O'th'spirits, in all conventicles:

By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;

For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in ev'ry public meeting
And make men do what we judge fitting;

Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing, but wear gowns.

We make the man of war strike fail,
And to our braver conduct veil,

And, when h'has chac'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,

That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us;

That, as he gives us cause to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t'own'em, though begotten
By French valets or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigoroufett course
Prevail unless to make us worse;
Who still the harsher we are us'd,
Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd;
And scorn t'abate, for any ills,
The least punctilio's of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t'apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy;
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For when y'have try'd all sort of ways,
What fools d'we make of you in plays;
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steeds,
And have your brains beat out o'your heads;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water,

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
 Our pride and vanity t'appease;
 Kill one another, and cut throats,
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;
 To do your exercise for honour,
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known:
 And still appear the more industrious,
 The more your projects are prepost'rous;
 To square the circle of the arts,
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;
 Expound the oracle of laws,
 And turn them which way we see cause;
 Be our solicitors and agents,
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours;
 And what in real value's wanting,
 Supply with vapouring and ranting:
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's pride;
 Believe we have as little wit
 To be out-hector'd and submit:
 By your example, lose that right
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight:
 And terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law:

378 *Pass on ourselves a Salique law.*] The Salique law is a law in France, whereby it is enacted, that no female shall inherit that crown,

Or, as some nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your mighty race,
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women.

AN
HEROICAL
EPISTLE
OF
HUDIBRAS
TO
SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus----

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your scull
As often as the moon's at full ;
'Tis not amiss, ere y're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
Is't possible, that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might, with equal reason, either
For merit, or extent of leather,

With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice?
That speaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T'a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-hastings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound,)
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possess'd
With so much ignorance and beast,
That neither all mens scorn, and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good?
Nor putting pigs t'a bitch to nurse,
To turn them into mungrel curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?

Can all your critical intrigues
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected faps;
 Recov'ring shankers, crySTALLINES,
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd of making old dogs young,
 In you, had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance;
 And, with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b'a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't;
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals?

But still, the more you strive t'appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder ;
For fools are known by looking wise,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause y'have gain'd o' th' college
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y'assume a pow'r as absolute
To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll ;
And faucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to :
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone :
No, though y'have purchas'd to your name
In history so great a fame,
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That ev'ry strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your German scale---
By which the virtuosi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Cast up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'st to your account :
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
Alas ! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise :
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;

Though he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants, but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim :
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brags,
You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone,
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.

T H E E N D.

Though he that has his imperfections,
 To all things has a fair pretence;
 And not among his faults, but those
 To all the world may say his choice;
 Though you have my heart, nothing's done
 With greater ease than public scorn;
 That all efforts should give place
 To your impetuous face;
 That makes your way through all things
 As pigs through hedges deep with their snouts;
 Yet as the constant, and brief,
 You may not think I will always pass;
 For all impetuous, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and useless;
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon
 As once they're broke loose from the moon;
 And, proof against her influence,
 Help to set to little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and things that were
 For sport of boys, and table-talk.

T. H. E. E. M. D.







Butler, Samuel, 1612-1680

Hudibras In Three Parts ; Written in the Time of the Late Wars ; With
Annotations

Bd.: 2

Edinburgh (1773)

P.o.angl. 284-6

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748226-5